



Once Upon A Time



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Chapter 1 by Sam Wight

Once upon a time, time ripped apart. All of the past, present, and future occurred at one time. And this all happened because of me.

Chapter 2 by Feodor



The moment was all we had left to fix this, and who knew how long that would be. For so long now I have heard people saying, "I don't have time", "Time is money.", "All I have is time.", "Life is short." And the thing is, it isn't until you're standing in front of a moment which very well may be the last one you will ever have.

The thing with moments is, they pass. So I need to hurry, and I will tell you how it goes. And if you never see this letter, well, then I guess it doesn't much matter what I say next, but thank you for listening, my friend.

Chapter 3 by Matt



The chronological putty, that was spread out in a myriad marvellous shapes, is being balled up to one amorphous lump. All the possibilities of the future are being crammed into one sphere of now, vanishing into yesterday. This is the end of hope- but I must be brief in this moment. This moment I caused with all my hopes and imagination to fix history. Given that power what would you have done?

There is no suspense left with everything and anything being at one temporal point. No suspense except what you will do when, or if, you read this.

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Then I saw a great evil. A great evil that in retrospect I could have averted.

But instead of being consigned to my store of accumulated guilt I was also offered the chance to turn my retrospective into prospective. (Forgive me, I am tripping and stumbling using language designed for uni-directional time).

My opportunity came when the time traveller crashed - literally- into my life and my bedroom.

Chapter 5 by intellikat



I killed her.

I didn't know at the time that she was a time-traveller, of course. But as she bled out on my carpeted floor with me standing above her with a cricket bat in hand, her mouth began to move and she spoke these words:

"Find yourself. Find yourself. One week. From today. Midnight. Find yourself."

I did not now what she meant at the time.

But I do now.

Write a draft for chapter 6 of 8

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